

MRS. PEPPER MARRIED AGAIN

SPOOK MEDIUM'S HUSBAND IS ONLY 28 YEARS HER SENIOR.

Edward Ward Vanderbilt is his name and the bride declares he's a cousin of the "old Commodore"—Marriage a secret. Even Little Bright Eyes Fooled.

Brooklyn's spook zone in the Bedford district was all stirred up yesterday over the announcement that Bishop Mary Ann Scannell, otherwise known as May S. "Pepper," had taken a husband—a real, living, breathing one, not an apparition. He is Edward Ward Vanderbilt, aged 65.

Most everybody but Little Bright Eyes, who sends messages to Mrs. Vanderbilt—that is, the Bishop—from the spirit world and a few of the medium's most intimate friends thought she sailed for Europe on April 30 after bidding an affectionate adieu at her church on Bedford avenue; but she fooled 'em. She has been in Brooklyn all the time getting ready to be married and picking up those little things that every bride ought to have.

The wedding came off last Saturday at high noon at the Bishop's new palace at 181 St. Mark's avenue, which the Bishop says she bought and paid for with her own money. The bride sent out announcement cards yesterday.

Mrs. Pepper Vanderbilt was chary of details yesterday, just as any bashful bride might be on the news leaking out. There were only a few friends present, but a good many spirits are said to have sent messages to the happy couple. Up to last night nothing had been heard from Little Bright Eyes as to how she enjoyed the wedding. The last time Mrs. Pepper got married, back in 1899, Little Bright Eyes got so mad that she never went near Mrs. Pepper for four years. Mrs. Pepper told the story herself afterward. That was an unfortunate marriage, as May owned up to Little Bright Eyes when she got a message from her and they had made up.

It got her into all sorts of trouble, particularly when George William Pepper, her husband, came out and said that they hadn't been married at all, but just lived together, even if May did have an alleged marriage certificate.

But all of Mrs. Pepper Vanderbilt's intimate friends are quite confident that this latest union of the medium and a mortal has the approval of Little Bright Eyes. Mrs. Vanderbilt is only twenty-eight years younger than Mr. by her own count, but there is no such thing as age in the spirit world and that wouldn't be apt to jar Little Bright Eyes for a minute. Little Bright Eyes is just 18.

It had been passed quietly around among the folks who go to some of Little Bright Eyes' messages via Mrs. Pepper that old Mr. Vanderbilt was in love with the Bishop, so that it wasn't such a surprise after all. For several years he had frequently waited after church for her and had seen her home and on that memorable occasion when Mrs. Pepper discovered that her house had been entered and robbed by burglars—spooky ones, the police thought—it was Mr. Vanderbilt who led the excited throng from the church to the rescue.

Mr. Vanderbilt is a lumber merchant at 121 Liberty street and is said to be wealthy. Before he moved to his bride's house he lived at 197 Waverly avenue. He also has a summer place at Centre Moriches, L. I. His first wife died three years ago.

"He looks just like the Vanderbilts," said his bride yesterday. "He's a real one, all right. His father and the old Commodore had adjoining places down on Staten Island, and were cousins. There's his picture, if you'd like to see it."

The bride pointed to what looked like a large crayon in a frame hanging in her library, but the room was dark and kind of spooky and the reporter couldn't examine it carefully.

"We were married on Saturday right here in this house. Who by? Oh, by the Rev. A. Brookhouse. He's the minister of a German Congregational Church in Manhattan. Yes, it was the regular Congregational ceremony—very simple. The guests were, let me see, "medically," Miss Edith Hills, Miss Hattie Scannell, Mrs. Carrie A. Spink—you know, the Mrs. Spink that runs the Spink dancing academy at Providence. It was there that John D. Rockefeller met Miss Aldrich and they fell in love. Let me see, where was I? Oh, Mrs. Carrie A. Spink and Judge and Mrs. Abram Dailey. That's all. Just a few friends. After the ceremony we went away for a few days on a quiet honeymoon. We are going on a longer one a week from next Wednesday when we sail for Europe to be gone until September."

Just here the reporter interrupted to ask the strictly professional if somewhat hokum question of how the bride came to meet the bridegroom, a point which Mrs. Vanderbilt had omitted.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Vanderbilt—the first Mrs. Vanderbilt—she was a real one, she died and began to come to my meetings and was very much interested. Then when his wife died three years ago Mr. Vanderbilt continued to come."

"Did the spirits have anything to do with it?"

"No," said the bride, "they had nothing to do with it. It was a real one, a love affair. He became interested in me and I in him, and that was all there was to it. We were engaged for some time."

The reporter then asked the bride to stop that possibly Mrs. Vanderbilt had talked with her and had had something to do with the match. The bride evidently did not like the suggestion.

"I have never received any message from Mrs. Vanderbilt's spirit since she passed beyond," she said in a tone that forbade further discussion of the subject, but she made her point in a very delicate manner. It was getting very dark in the library and the reporter felt a bit nervous.

"Were you engaged for some time?" he said into the darkness.

"Yes," came back to him, as though from a great distance. "There was a rustling of something then, but it proved to be only the medium, who had arisen as a sign that the end of the interview was drawing high."

"We are going to spend the summer in physical research in London, Paris and Russia," said the medium, as her interviewer moved toward the door. "I have given up my church. They are trying to get me to return in the fall, but I don't think that I will. I have been enough in public life, I feel. Now I am going to retire to private life. I feel that I shall like it better. That is why my marriage is so quiet."

The reporter ventured to ask where the bridegroom was. "Believe he is in the house," said the Bishop.

Just then the voice of her sister came up from below.

"Alphonse," he said, "please see that Mr. Vanderbilt's bag is packed."

On the way out the reporter asked the sister if Mr. Vanderbilt was going away. "Yes, he is going away from here for a few days," she said.

There was no sign of Mr. Vanderbilt about the house.

Over in the office building at 126 Liberty street Mr. Vanderbilt's marriage to the medium created no end of discussion when a reporter took the news of it there. Mr. Vanderbilt had just left. When the janitor heard of it he called out to one of the girl stenographers:

"Say, old Mr. Vanderbilt's married that Brooklyn medium."

Mr. Vanderbilt has had his office in the building for years and years. His firm used to be Vanderbilt & Hopkins, dealers in railroad ties and other kinds of lumber. He is a smart old man and as spry as they make 'em," said the elevator man. "I knew he was interested in the church over there and had been giving money to it."

Mrs. Mary Ann Scannell Pepper Vanderbilt's first husband, who says he wasn't

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her husband, still lives in this city. His name is George William Pepper. Two years ago in the course of one of the "investigations" of Mrs. Pepper her history was looked up and it was discovered that she had been a delirious in the Island and that her name was Mary Scannell. According to the story published at that time she met Pepper and the two went to New Bedford and lived together. Pepper leaving behind a wife and several children. Pepper subsequently married another woman and then his first wife charged him with bigamy. In connection with that case the medium, now Mrs. Vanderbilt, made an affidavit that she had never been his legal wife, but she said that she had done so to get him out of prison. She said that they had been regularly married in New York City in 1899 by a Justice of the Peace, she supposing he had been divorced from his first wife. It was his marriage that Little Bright Eyes felt so hurt about.

THOMAS NOT AFTER CROKER.

In London on Theatrical Business Only

For Bryan and Referendum.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 4.—Augustus Thomas denies that his visit to London is for any other purpose than the rehearsing of "The Earl of Pawtucket." A story reached the correspondent of THE SUN that Mr. Thomas while in England would, as president of the Progressive Democracy League, try to get Mr. Croker's cooperation in supporting the league's Bryan propaganda, but this Mr. Thomas absolutely contradicts. He said to the correspondent of THE SUN to-night:

"My visit is purely theatrical. I have no intention of seeing Mr. Croker. In fact, such a thought never entered my mind. When I return to New York—which will be at the end of June—I will undoubtedly take up an active interest in the league which is more an educational body than a political one, although we are earnestly supporting the candidacy of Mr. Bryan. I am standing for our platform of initiative and referendum and the election of Senators by popular vote."

"The interference of President Roosevelt in legislative matters simply points out the need of reform. If the President has to usurp the prerogatives of the coordinate branch in order to make the Legislature do its duty, it shows that those legislators ought to be more directly controlled by the people, be more answerable to them, and that the people should have a more direct interest in legislation by initiative and referendum."

PROOF AGAINST R. R. ACCIDENTS.

Boy Falls Off One Train and is Hit by Another—Not Much Hurt.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 4.—A five-year-old boy fell to-day from a train that was running near Twyford. He was not hurt and ran to rejoin the train, which his father in the meantime had stopped.

Before the boy reached the train an express passed along the parallel track upon which the youngster was running and knocked him down, passing over him. The boy immediately rose and continued running to meet his father.

His head was cut and streaming blood, but he was not seriously hurt.

EDNA MAY IS MRS. LEWISOHN.

Astoria Wedded in Registry Office at Windsor, England.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 4.—Edna May was married to Oscar Lewishohn at 10 o'clock this morning in the Registry Office, Windsor.

The bride was dressed entirely in white, even to white shoes. Her hat, which was of the newest mushroom shape, was trimmed with white tulle and Easter lilies. The bridegroom wore a frock coat with white boutonniere.

Oscar Lewishohn is a younger brother of Jesse Lewishohn. He is about 25 years old and is a graduate of Harvard. Since his graduation he has spent most of his time up to a year ago travelling. The last year he spent in laying siege to the heart of Edna May, with such success that not only did she consent to marry him "after months of consideration," as she remarked the other day, but became a Jewess for his sake.

Mrs. Lewishohn was born in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1878. Her maiden name was Edna May Petty and she was the daughter of a letter carrier. She made her first appearance on the stage when she was 17 years old in a children's performance of "Pinafore" at Syracuse. Later she came to New York to study for the stage and married Frederick Titus, a professional bicycle rider. This marriage lasted until 1903. She made her first stage appearance in New York as Clairette, a minor part in the opera "Santa Maria," at Hammerstein's. Her hit, which made her a musical comedy star, was achieved in "The Belle of New York." Since then she has appeared in New York and London in many similar productions. In London she was a prime favorite.

The Weather.

The storm of the New England coast on Monday had disappeared yesterday morning and the weather was fair along the entire Atlantic coast and in the east Gulf States.

The temperature was well consolidated with a centre over southern Lake Michigan and were causing rain in Minnesota, the Lake regions and the Ohio Valley and cloudy conditions as far south as the middle and west Gulf sections and east into the Atlantic States.

West of the Mississippi Valley the weather was fair and the pressure high.

Temperatures were higher in almost all districts in the eastern half of the country, except in the upper Mississippi Valley and the upper Lake regions. The more marked advances were in the section between the lower Mississippi Valley northeast to the middle Atlantic States.

In this city the day was fair and warmer; wind, light to fresh northeast; average humidity, 49 per cent; barometer, corrected to sea level at 30.00; at 5 A. M., 29.97; at 3 P. M., 30.00.

The temperature yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer is shown in the annexed table:

At 5 A. M. 61°; at 7 A. M. 63°; at 9 A. M. 65°; at 11 A. M. 67°; at 1 P. M. 69°; at 3 P. M. 71°; at 5 P. M. 73°; at 7 P. M. 75°; at 9 P. M. 77°; at 11 P. M. 79°; at 1 P. M. 81°.

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW:

For Eastern New York, showers to-day, warmer on the coast, cooler in north portion; to-morrow, fair, continued cool fresh to brisk southeast winds.

For New England, showers to-day, cooler in north-west portion; fair to-morrow; brisk southwest to west winds on the coast.

For Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, showers and thunderstorms to-day; fair and cooler to-morrow, fresh west winds.

For Western New York, showers and cooler to-day; fair to-morrow, fresh west to southwest winds.

For Western Pennsylvania, fair and cooler to-day; fair to-morrow, fresh west winds.

BAN ON HEROES WHO DRINK

MRS. MARTIN SAYS THE W. C. T. U. IS REFORMING PUBLISHERS.

Heroes of Course Are Included in Their Ruling, but a Seized Villain Should Be a Good Example—She Has No Idea of Editing the Run Out of the Classics.

It is perhaps not generally known that in these United States of America there exists and flourishes an Index Expurgatorius that for scope, length, breadth, far-reachingness, all-inclusiveness and working overtime makes a similar institution at Rome look like a feeble imitation.

Mrs. Emeline D. Martin, who for fifteen years has been managing and developing the home product, increasing the power and adding to the influence thereof and incidentally acting as general press agent, consented yesterday to answer a few questions concerning the growth and present condition of this potent factor in our civilization.

Of course, she isn't pushing it along just for her own amusement. All she has done is under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

"No, I am not chairman of the committee on literature and art," she said. "I am much more than that. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union have appointed me superintendent of that department of the whole United States. Every State, Territory, county and city is so thoroughly organized that I can, at an instant's notice, put my finger on the work of any committee. I meet my committees, however, only once a year, in convention. Last year they assembled at Hartford."

"But what do you do?"

"Do? Why, by our influence we are having excluded from the public libraries books in which the hero and heroine drink or use tobacco in any form."

"Why? It is strange that you should ask such a question. As a man thinks so he is. The young are influenced by the books they read. We should be short-sighted, indeed, if while working with all our strength against the liquor traffic we made no effort to stop the circulation of literature which exalts the indulgence of the very vice which we are trying to stamp out."

Asked whether all the characters in a novel that escaped the Index must abstain from the use of alcohol and tobacco or whether these restrictions applied only to the hero and heroine, she smiled and replied:

"Now that is a good question as it involves a point I would like to have noticed. If vices are mentioned at all in a work of fiction we countenance them; they must belong to the villain."

"Right here I would like to say that librarians have informed us that the foreigners read a much higher class of literature than do the Americans. This is undoubtedly because in other countries literature is censored and the people consequently acquire a taste for the better sort of books."

"It is also true that more crime is committed in New York than anywhere else."

"But aren't most of the criminals foreigners?"

The guardian of the Index looked puzzled for a moment, then she brightened up:

"Well, at any rate they find the debris here," she said.

"What kind of debris?"

"Why literary debris, of course."

"Do you try to influence publishers not to publish books which allude highly to drinking and smoking?"

"Try to? Why we have already done so. It is quite obvious to every thinking person that the tone of the books that are brought out is steadily improving."

The censor of literature went on to explain that the "influence on publishers" was obtained in two ways—first by appealing to them directly, and secondly, by training the general public sentiment to demand only the best in the book line.

She and her committee were always well treated, and were always away from prominent publishers loaded down with promises regarding the elision of liquor from the forthcoming "best sellers."

"As for magazine editors, what she said of them established beyond all doubt the fact that each and every one of them had been perfectly lovely. They had all been approached, too, and all had agreed to delete the advertisements of liquor and patent medicines from their advertising columns."

"A prominent London daily which used to be called 'The Liberator' and was owned by a prominent publisher loaded down with promises regarding the elision of liquor from the forthcoming 'best sellers.'"

"How about Shakespeare, who wrote 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'?"

"That is quite a different matter," said the censor. "The classics are a higher moral tone pervades the classics than is found in the light literature of the day."

"But if drinking is countenanced by George Eliot and Charles Dickens, and Lytton, and you don't object to their works being read, why should the mention of it be forbidden to Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Conolly?"

The censor sighed. "You don't understand," she murmured sadly. "However, it doesn't matter. We are not concerned about the past. We are looking to the future. What is printed is printed. It is for us to see that what is printed in the future is above reproach."

"Have you any question was proposed timidly—ever approached the 'Ladies Home Journal'?"

A gleam of admiration shone in the censor's eyes and her smile was very tender as she replied:

"The 'Ladies Home Journal' has always had a lofty moral standard, and we like to give a magazine full credit for what it does."

"Then you never have had occasion to communicate with that publication at all?"

"Well," admitted the censor reluctantly, "we did write to the editor not very long ago. It was about a comparatively trifling matter. In one of 'Brother's' letters to that magazine, mention is made of an occasion on which some of the young man's friends partook of some alcoholic beverage—a mention unaccompanied with any disparaging criticism. The letter was not an extreme case, but it seemed to us that its effect on the readers of the 'Ladies Home Journal' would not be a good one, and we expressed ourselves accordingly in our letter."

"Did you?"

"We received a most courteous reply."

"But did he promise?"

"I cannot reveal any part of a confidential correspondence. You must judge by results. I would like to have it clearly understood, however, that our letter was not in the nature of an attack upon Mr. Bok, for whose ideals and methods we have the highest respect."

"Why, I thought that only two or three—"

"I don't mean half of the individual States," said the censor indulgently. "I mean half of the territory. Sometimes several counties of a State or several towns pass prohibitory laws, although the State as a whole is not what is called 'prohibition.'"

"Oh?"

"I will tell you something else. There are more saloons in Greater New York than in the entire South."

"Really?"

"Yes."

Then Mrs. Martin said she positively could not answer any more questions.

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BOMB FOR A JERSEY JUSTICE

KENNEL OF NEW DURHAM AP- PARENTLY HAS A CLOSE SHAVE.

His Daughter Finds a Contrivance in His Office Which Proves to Have Been Dangerous—Had Been Threatened by Italians With Whom He'd Been Severe.

Recorder Joseph Kennel of New Durham, N. J., is wondering whether he is the victim of a practical joker or has had a narrow escape from being a real Black Hand victim. Some one sent him a sure enough bomb yesterday, and the only question is whether the thing had a business end and could have been exploded. The Recorder suspects that some of the Italians whose friends he has sentenced for knife carrying were trying to get even.

Recorder Kennel has his office in his house at the Hackensack plank road and Washington street, New Durham. Yesterday afternoon his sister Matilda was dusting the office when she came upon a queer looking bundle which looked like some sort of a can wrapped in a paper. She couldn't make out just what the thing was and called in the Recorder.

He looked into the bundle and found what looked to be a fuse. He decided not to investigate further just then and called up Captain Marry at the North Bergen police headquarters. He told the captain of the find and asked him to come down and investigate.

"Bring the darn thing up here," he implored to come down just now, "I'm too busy to come down just now," replied the captain.

The Recorder picked up the package and carried it gingerly over the one and a half miles of rocky road that leads from his house to the police station.

At the station house Capt. Marry looked on while the Recorder got out his jack-knife and cut the cord around the bundle. The papers didn't come apart easily and the Recorder did some wild jabbing with the knife, the recollection of which made him quite uneasy a little later.

Inside the wrappings was a roll of oiled paper, which was found to contain a greasy, sootlike powder. The whole contrivance consisted of the wrappings looked very much like a toy Fourth of July bomb.

Chief of Police James Nolan came in just as the bomb was unwrapped. He was appointed May 1 and he was burning to show his mettle.

"I'll soon find out what it is," said he, and taking out a pinch of the powder he laid it on the desk and touched it off with a stick. The powder hit the bunch of papers and made a sound like a one pounder and that the Recorder turned quite pale after the demonstration. The room was filled with blue smoke.

"I guess it's nitro or some such stuff," said the chief when he got his breath. "God help us if I'd lighted the whole business. It was like a bomb and big bomb."

Further investigation of the bomb showed three feet of insulated wire attached to a three inch fuse, which was buried in the wall. The Recorder remembered, was placed very near the wires of his telephone. Later, however, it was found that the "fuse" was a dry match, which could not have set off the powder unless it was ignited.

The police figured out that the intention of the dynamite evidently was to fix the Recorder in the office and to get the Recorder to the police station.

After discussing what might have happened if the Recorder had stumbled on the wire and pulled it, the Recorder and the Chief put the bomb carefully away in a drawer in the station house.

They decided to unload the thing and pointed the finger at a cigar box which was filled with the top. They intended to have the stuff analyzed.

The contrivance had been in the office for several days. Judge Kennel holds court in the City Hall and seldom uses the office except in Justice of the Peace cases, but apparently the people who had a grudge against him didn't know about this. The young girl who swept out the office last Saturday said she didn't notice the contrivance, and nobody has been in the office for several days.

Judge Kennel has been Recorder for two years and a half and a Justice of the Peace for four years. In that time he has completed nearly 100 Italian cases, and shot one or another, mostly stabbing cases and including two or three murders. A year ago last March an Italian named Masco killed another Italian at a dance, and shot a woman who accompanied her man. He killed. A little before that an Italian named Bianco stabbed a compatriot to death near New Durham and was arraigned before Judge Kennel. There was a good deal of feeling among the Italian population of North Bergen Township over these cases and, so Judge Kennel's friends say, threats were made against the Judge.

Six months ago Judge Kennel received a Black Hand letter, decorated with skull and crossbones, dripping dagger, Black Hand and other devices. The letter advised him to beware, as he was known to be an enemy of the Italians and they would take vengeance on him. Before that he was called up on the telephone by a man who spoke with a pronounced accent. The talker threatened Judge Kennel with death because of his attacks on Italians.

In New Durham are two factories which make fireworks. Both employ a large number of Italians. Capt. Marry thinks that the bomb was rigged up and placed by some of these employees. There are about 2,000 Italians in North Bergen township.

Terrible Catastrophe at Hsin Kiang, China—Many Starving.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

VICTORIA, B. C., June 4.—The steamship Shawmut has brought news of great loss of life following an earthquake at Hsin Kiang.

A telegram received from Pekin at Tokio shortly before the Shawmut sailed reported that 4,000 persons were crushed to death, a great number of houses destroyed and many persons left starving.

The Empress Dowager has telegraphed urgent instructions to the local governors to take measures to relieve the distress.

ITALIAN MASTERS SOLD.

Good Prices Realized at Sedelmeyer Sale in Paris.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, June 4.—The following pictures were sold to-day at the Sedelmeyer art sale, bringing the prices given:

Veronese's "Poet," \$2,200; Palmezzano's "Annunciation," \$3,000; Luni's "Young Girl," \$4,800; Berdona's "Portrait of a Woman," \$2,700; Canaletto's "Rialto," \$2,200; Bellini's "Holy Family," \$2,200; and Botticelli's "Virgin and Child," \$1,200.

The day was devoted to disposing of pictures of the Italian school. To-day's sale realized \$61,784.

Lecester, Lawn Tennis Tournament

Abandoned.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LEICESTER, England, June 4.—The lawn tennis tournament here has been abandoned, it being impossible to play on the courts owing to the rainy weather and soginess of the ground. Miss May Sutton, the American player, has gone to Manchester to compete in the Northern championship games.

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